

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,
By RUSSELL EATON.
Office over Granite Bank, Water St., Augusta.
EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

Terms.—One dollar and seventy-five cents per annum,
if paid in advance; two dollars, if paid within the year;
two dollars and fifty cents, if payment is delayed beyond
the year.

63—Single copies, four cents.
63—Any person who will obtain six good subscribers
shall be entitled to a seventh copy for one year.
63—Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

AUTHORIZED AGENTS.
JOSEPH S. PAGE, TRAVELING AGENT.
CYRUS BISHOP, Winthrop. J. E. ROUSE, Rumford.
THOS. FAYE, Vassalboro'. J. P. EMERSON, Mercer.
W. M. HATCH, Waterville. J. BLAKE, North Turner.
MR. FARRINGTON, Lovell. TRUE & HAYWARD, Bangor.
D. DUDLEY, Arundel. M. MITCHELL, E. Dover. A. S. FRENCH, Dexter.
D. G. ROBINSON, N. Vass. SAM'L ADAMS, Bowdoin.

MAINE FARMER.
Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.



Portrait of the Norman Horse, Diligence.

BEST TIME TO CUT TIMBER.

The New York Farmers' Club have been discussing the question in regard to the best time to cut timber to ensure the greatest durability. This has been often discussed; but we believe there has never been any thorough and well systematized experiments tried, connected with careful observation, in order to learn the actual facts.

Some think that summer is the best time; now the term summer embraces a considerable length of time, and in that time a tree is daily undergoing changes which may, and probably do, have great influence on the duration of the timber. General H. A. S. Dearborn has written a communication on this subject to the New England Farmer, accompanied with a letter which he received several years ago from Mr. I. H. Key, then collector of customs in Portland, from which we extract the following:

"Near the close of the revolutionary war, my father built a ship of green oak timber. The trees were felled in the months of June and July; the bark was peeled off, and such of the logs as were to be sawed into plank, were hauled to the mill, and the timber for the frame of the ship to the yard; and in about thirty days the ship was completed under the wales: the whole of the materials were green from the forest.

For some cause, the persons who had contracted for the ship, thought proper to suspend further progress, and she remained on the stocks, exposed to the weather, until the next year, when she was completed. It was found that neither the timbers or plank had shrunk, and the seams remained as close as at the time the planks were put on—the timbers dry, and even the sap-wood of the planks tough and hard like horn. The ship was owned in Salem; but whether she proved to be long-lived, I have not ascertained.

A few years since, I took from the Custom House books, the names of three brigs, which were the oldest vessels belonging to the port, and then applied to the owners to ascertain their condition. The accounts received were, that they were then all sound, and considered good vessels. The ages were 23, 26 and 30 years. On applying to the ship-builders, I found that they had all been constructed with green timber direct from the forest, and all of it felled in the early part of the summer.

I am fully of the belief, that timber for ship-building, and for most other purposes, should be felled, or girdled, at the season of the year when the bark will peel freely, for such timber is heavier and stronger than when cut in the winter season, or in cold weather. Hard wood for fuel, is valuable in proportion to its weight: I therefore generally select such as has been felled in the summer; and this is ascertained by the appearance of the ends of the wood, though it may be perfectly dry; for they will appear bright and lively; and the wood is much heavier than that felled in winter—the ends of which will appear dark and musty."

There can be no doubt that many causes conspire to bring about the decay in wood. The principal agents are heat, confined air and moisture; but these agents must have certain elements in the wood to operate upon, and we all know that there is a certain something in the wood of the same tree that will cause it to decay easier some times than at others. Some have thought this something was albumen, and that if this was destroyed in some way the wood could not decay. Hence, Ryan adopted his mode of preserving wood by soaking it in a solution of corrosive sublimate, which combines with the albumen and changes its nature and renders it incapable of undergoing fermentation. Hence, also, arose the plan of heating or charring wood, which destroys the albumen and reduces the stick, that has been so charred, to but little else than dry woody fibre. The situation in which wood is placed has great influence on the power of resisting or yielding to decay. In the case of the vessels above named, it ought to be known in what business they were employed and what taken care of.

In instituting experiments in order to learn facts respecting durability of wood, sticks ought to be taken from one tree at different times in the year, no matter if every week in the year, and exposed alike to the action of the same agents. Different species of trees or wood ought to be used, and different modes adopted with them. In this way something definite may be learned. Merely ascertaining that a ship built of timber cut in summer, lasted 30 years, does not prove enough. How do we know that a ship built by the same hands, at the same time, and of timber cut in the winter, and used and taken care of in the same way and manner, would not last as long? Notwithstanding much has been said, and many have come to the conclusion that timber cut in the summer will be most durable, there are not facts enough on record to make it absolutely certain.

Those best acquainted with clearing land have a theory that wood should also be cut in summer, in order to ensure an earlier decay. Now here is one theory against another. Both theories the results of general observation, but neither of them accompanied with facts enough to fully substantiate them.

PREVENTING IMPERMANENCE. There is a zealous temperance man in Ohio, who goes about with a sledge hammer, and beats in the heads of all the barrels of spirits he can find, emptying the contents, and then seeks the owner and "pays up."

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.
VOL. XIV. AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1846. NO. 7.



Portrait of the Norman Horse, Diligence.

NORMAN HORSE.

We here give you a portrait of a Norman Horse. This is the parent of the Canadian Horse. The French were the first settlers of Canada, and they introduced this horse into that country. The change of climate and the different mode of keeping have modified both its form and character somewhat, but it still holds the principal characteristics of that valuable and hardy breed. There is a great similarity in the Canadian breed of horses and those which we have seen, purporting to have come from the more northern prairies of the far West, and sometimes called "Indian Horses." We suppose, however, that most of those horses, especially in the southern regions and about Texas, were derived from the Spanish or Andalusian breeds.

We have no doubt that if systematic efforts were made for a series of years, the Canadian horse might be so moulded, or a breed from them so moulded, as to make some of the very best horses in the world for all work. The above is a portrait of one named "Diligence," imported direct from Normandy, by Mr. Edward Harris, a gentleman of Morris-town, New Jersey. The plan of crossing, however, has not been carried out sufficiently long to afford any definite results, even if it be now continued with any system at all.

We find an account of the Normandy Horse in the American Agriculturist, by S. B. Parsons, who visited the farm of M. Boisgard, near Havre, France. In the stables, says he, we found a pair of very fine horses of the Normandy breed. One was got by an English horse, but the other was pure Norman, and one of the noblest animals that I ever saw. He was a brown, some 17 hands high, with immense chest and quarters, and yet he showed fine action. His depth of shoulders was nearly three feet, and his limbs were remarkably clean and well made. The groom told us he was sixteen years old, and that he would now travel fifteen miles per hour. His owner had refused 3,500 francs for him, (about \$700.) The cart horses used here are mostly of Norman blood, but heavy and of medium size—being similar to our Canadians. They are used for carting at a distance, and with very heavy loads are driven entirely by the word of command, four and five in a team.

We remember of often seeing and admiring a fine horse, which was purchased by a truckman in Boston, and said to be a full blood Norman horse. He was brought to Boston by a person from Quebec, who said it was raised not far from the city. It was a large stately bay, 16 1-2 hands high; of fine proportions, though of the peculiar form of that breed; could trot twelve miles per hour; was used a long time in the trucks, and would haul all that they could put on. There is a peculiarity in the character of all the Canadian Normans that we ever saw. They are either very slow or very quick. The slow are very slow, and the quick are very quick, and the quick or fleet ones do not appear to be formed on any different model from those that are slow.

EDUCATION OF FARMERS.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:—How often do we hear it asserted and see it manifested in the actions of men, that persons require but a limited share of education to become scientific and skillful agriculturists, and to enable them, as citizens, to discharge the duties which their station requires of them in a faithful and intelligent manner! That their professional education is one which requires but a small share of mental exertion, and that muscular power is the great and almost the only prerequisite to ensure success in the cultivation of the soil, and to aid its possessors in the discharge of their relative duties! That the affairs of government should be left to the management of those who, from inclination or position, have more time to devote to them, and who are, consequently, more deeply skilled in political concerns! That the station of the agriculturist is one to which Science and Literature can never reach to divert, and to which Honor will not condescend to bow!

How vain and fallacious is this idea! It manifests a want of comprehension and liberality of feeling in the minds of those who cherish it. It shows a willful ignorance of all the principles of Republican Government, and a want of power to appreciate the blessings of civil, political and religious liberty. It conflicts with the opinion of intelligent and educated men in our country at large, that "the diffusion of knowledge is the bulwark of liberty." Were the persons who make these unguarded assertions, and thus underrate the responsibility of that class of men, under the "domination of despotic power," and there "basking in the sunshine of royal favor,"

ease their physical and mental powers to prepare themselves for the station they occupy, and even for those high and responsible stations which are, and ever have been, filled principally by the professional classes! And how important is it for them to educate, in a proper manner, the rising generation, to whose hands the ship of State is about to be committed, and whose success depends upon the direction of their youthful minds! Let not the doctrine that "man is incapable of self-government," be inculcated in the minds of our youth! Let them be convinced of the importance of intellectual improvement under a republican government. Let them be taught to regard ignorance, when willfully possessed, as a stigma upon the moral and political character, which should deprive its possessor of all the rights enjoyed by a free and enlightened citizen of the most prosperous nation on the globe. Let them cease to do this, and ignorance, like the simoon of the desert, will overwhelm our happy and peaceful country, and Freedom will find a grave within our borders, and the world will know her no more.

S. LOMBARD.
Presque Isle, Aroostook Co., Jan. 30, '46.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES OF KENNEBEC COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Report of Committee on Crops.

The Committee to award premiums on crops have examined the claims of competitors, and conclude to give the names of those who, in our opinion, have been most successful in crops, and skillful in the mode of husbandry, without remark or comment of ours; and award the premiums as follows:—

R. H. Green, of Winslow, first premium on wheat, for 904 bushels from 3 acres and 70 square rods.

Jeremiah Tuck, of Fayette, second premium, for 69 bushels from 34 acres.

Daniel Craig, of Readfield, third premium, for 50 bushels from 24 acres.

Dudley Haines, of Readfield, first premium on corn, for 154 bushels of ears from 1 acre, exclusive of small corn.

Oakes Howard, of Winthrop, second premium, for 1 acre and 35 rods, 89 bushels 17 quarts of shelled corn, (by estimation) and 12 bushels 6 quarts of inferior quality.

William Weeks, of Vassalboro', for 1 acre 17 rods, 110 bushels ears sound, and 17 bushels of small corn, third premium.

William Weeks, of Vassalboro', first premium on oats, for 185 bushels from 3 acres and 50 rods.

Charles D. Crosby, of Readfield, second premium, for 55 bushels on 1 acre.

S. N. Watson, of Fayette, first premium on ruta bagas, for 460 bushels on one-half an acre.

S. N. Watson, of Fayette, first premium on potatoes, for 290 bushels (long reds) on 1 acre.

John Kezer, of Winthrop, first premium on carrots, for 213 bushels from one-fourth of an acre.

MOSES TABER, Per Order.

On Steers and Steer Calves.

There were twenty-three entries on steers and steer calves; for premiums, as follows.

THREE YEARS' OLD STEERS. A pair presented by Samuel H. Richardson, were very fine steers, well broke, bid fair to make a superior pair of cattle. One pair of good steers was presented by Jeremiah Tuck; a pair by David Elliott, over six feet and one-half in girth; likewise a pair by Thomas Whitten; a pair by Cyrus B. Judkins, measuring about seven feet.

Your Committee award the Society's first premium to Thomas Whitten, and to Cyrus B. Judkins the second.

TWO YEARS' OLD STEERS. One pair was presented by John Hubbard of Fayette, one pair by John Kezer of Winthrop, one pair by Henry Dudley of Readfield, one pair by David Elliott of Readfield, one pair by Peter Folsom of Mt. Vernon, all fine steers, deserving of notice; likewise a pair by Master James Ford, and a pair by Master Boardman V. Crane, both kind and well broke, earning their living the past year.

Your Committee award the Society's first premium to Master James Ford, and to Master B. V. Crane, the second. Much credit is due to these boys for the good discipline exhibited in their steers being well broke to the yoke.

ONE YEAR OLD STEERS. One pair by Orren B. French, which were good steers, being kind and perfectly broke; one pair by Jeremiah Tuck; one pair by Samuel H. Richardson, which were superior, their girth being about six feet, under good discipline, and seeming to be at good command.

Your Committee award the Society's first premium to Samuel H. Richardson, and to Jeremiah Tuck, the second.

STEER CALVES. One pair by John Kezer, one pair by Daniel Craig, one pair by Daniel Elliott, one pair by Samuel H. Richardson, and one pair by Oliver Bean, being all very good calves.

Your Committee award to Samuel H. Richardson the Society's first premium, and to Oliver Bean, the second. E. C. SELL, Per Order.

On Nursery of Apple Trees, Apple and Pear Trees, Improvement of Fruit Trees by Engrafting, Greatest Quantity of Winter Apples, Compost Manures, and the most Economical and Profitable Method of Keeping Poultry.

All the business which came before your Committee, consisted of two entries only—which were on the manufacture of compost manure—one made by Nathan Foster of Winthrop, whose statement accompanies this report, and the other by Daniel Craig of Readfield.

It is very much to be regretted that there is so little interest manifested in these important branches of husbandry, by the citizens of this County, and particularly in the manufacture of compost manure, as it is considered by your Committee the cheapest and most effectual method that can be adopted to enrich our farms, and to give to the husbandman an abundant harvest, as a reward for his skill and labor in tilling the soil; and we hope and trust that, ere long, there will be a general waking up on this important subject, and that no farm arrangements will be considered perfect without its compost heaps.

Your Committee have awarded to Nathan Foster, the first premium on compost manure; and to Daniel Craig, the second.

RUSSELL EATON, Per Order.

Mr. Foster's Statement.

To the Committee of the Kennebec County Ag. Society, on Compost Manure, &c.

GENTLEMEN—The following is a statement of the cost and mode of preparing compost manure, on which I present a claim for the Society's premium.

The manure having been manufactured in distinct parcels, I give the statements separate.

First. Ten cords of muck (taken from the edge of my meadow to form a ditch) were placed outside the barn yard in a situation to receive all the wash from the yard, to which were added three cords of lime.

Cost. One and one half day's work of

two men and one yoke of oxen, at four

shillings per day, \$3 00

Three cords lime at eighty cents per cord, 2 40

Hauling time, 60

Handling over, and mixing, 1 50

Amount, \$7 50

Second. Ten cords were prepared in a hollow in the barn yard, (which generally contains more or less liquid throughout the year, unless let out by design,) by ploughing up and hauling in with an ox shovel, the sward from a lane which leads from the yard to the pasture, to which were added two bushels of gypsum, and two cords of haddock, cut up two years ago in smoothing the surface of a meadow, and which had become rotten by laying in heaps. By opening a small ditch, I was able to drain the liquid from this to the first lot outside of the yard, to give an opportunity of occasionally scraping in the manure dropt by the cattle in the higher parts of the yard, and mixing the whole together, with a plough.

Cost. One day of man, boy and oxen,

ploughing and scraping turf, \$1 67

One-half day hauling haddock, 84

Two bushels plaster, 50

Scraping and ploughing over, 1 00

Amount, \$4 01

In this account I have reckoned nothing for cutting up the haddock, they were removed as nuisances. The portion of this lot made by the cattle cannot exceed three cords, as the manure was all taken from the yard in the early part of the year, and my stock of cattle is small.

Besides these, with the aid of two hogs I have made from three to four cords more, by supplying them with several loads of the materials named in the other lots, and a liberal quantity of litter. The cost of this, I am not able to state definitely; probably the labor did not exceed two dollars, as the materials were not far distant.

If this last estimate be correct, I have increased the quantity of my manure from less than four cords (the amount made through the season by my cattle and hogs) to twenty-three or twenty-four cords, at a cost of \$10.51.

From former experiments, I believe that the first lot is equal in value to the same amount of manure from the barn without any addition of muck; the second, being composed mostly of sward taken from a clay loam soil, and to be applied to gravelly soil I think will answer a good purpose; of the third there can be no doubt; but as I intend to give each a fair trial with manure from the barn without any mixture, the result shall be made public, if worth knowing.

NATHAN FOSTER.

Winthrop, Jan. 17, 1846.

On Ploughing.

The Committee on ploughing, having attended to the duty assigned them, ask leave to submit the following report.

There were five entries for premiums, but four only of the competitors were present.

Four lots were laid out to be ploughed, of one-eighth of an acre each.

Dudley Haines performed his in 32 minutes, and we award to him the first premium. John Fairbanks in 33 minutes, and we award him the second. Lauriston Guild in 41 minutes, and we award him the third. John B. Swanton in 43 minutes, and we award him the fourth.

MERRILL CLOUGH, Per Order.

[Report of a farm in Essex County, Mass.]

MR. KING'S STATEMENT.

To the Committee on Farms:

GENTLEMEN—Before the first of July, I had no intention of inviting you to visit my farm, but then learning that there had been no entry which would secure a report from you, I was unwilling that the Society should lose the benefit of a report, for I think the farmers derive their best hints from the observations and experience of practical farmers embodied in such reports.

I am far from thinking my management the best, or among the best, but as it has fully answered my reasonable expectations, I will as briefly as possible, state it.

My farm has a great variety of soil, but the cultivated lands are mostly a gravelly loam. I have about fifty acres of mowing, tillage and orchard, twenty-five acres of meadow, one fourth of which is peat, seventy-five acres in pasture, and several tracts of wood land. I formerly planted from seven to ten acres each year, but I have found it more profitable to raise hay than corn or potatoes: this last June, from thirty cwt of hay delivered in the barn, I received in my grain bins, forty bushels of yellow fat corn; the hay cost me in labor and all fair charges, twelve dollars; to raise the corn would have cost me twenty-five dollars at least.

By recurring to my journal, (for I have long kept a sort of a diary in which I have noted the employments of each day, the time of planting, hoeing, harvesting, the amount of crops, the cost of the animals, current receipts and expenditures, &c.) I find that since the first of April, I have expended for labor two hundred and five dollars, and one third of this has been in making walls, ditches, and permanent improvements.—I have kept two pairs of oxen, one horse and ten cows; one pair of oxen which two years ago cost me fifty dollars, I have sold to the butcher for one hundred and five dollars; four cows

which cost forty-three, I have sold for seventy-eight dollars, and I have received in exchange of cows thirty dollars. I have kept no account of the milk and butter used and sold which has been less than the usual quantity. I have four fat swine worth seventy-five dollars, which one year ago cost six dollars; their manure has paid for all the grain they have consumed. I have raised one hundred and fifty-eight bushels of corn, ninety-five bushels of oats, thirty bushels of rye, and one hundred and twenty bushels of potatoes, of carrots, turnips and beets, about two hundred and fifty bushels, and of other vegetables and fruits in abundance. Some years I have had three or four hundred bushels of good apples, this year not more than thirty. I have cut thirty-one tons of English hay which was made and secured with fifty-five days' labor. I used a horse-rake which paid for itself in one week; my crop was diminished by the drought from one-fourth to one-third. My meadow hay was a fine crop and got in good order; I have sold twelve loads of meadow hay and straw and have by estimation fodder enough, corn fodder included, to keep my stock and some ten or fifteen tons to spare. I have carried to market twelve cords of wood, always taking a return load of manure. I purchase annually about forty-five dollars worth of manure, which I never use without composting. I have used for planting, sowing and top-dressing, two hundred and eighty loads of compost.

In the barn yards and pig pens I make about one hundred and ten loads, and at leisure times get out peat muck and cart it into the field where it is to be used. I then mix one cord stable or barn yard muck, preferring the stable, with four cords of muck; after lying till the heap heats, it is again thrown over and a few feet of fresh dung or spent ashes added if necessary. I have found this compost better than clear manure and equal to any thing except pig manure for corn and potatoes on gravelly or sandy loams. I have now on hand more than one hundred loads of this compost besides a good supply of the barn and pig yards, and I could not farm without it. With this kind of manure I had sixty bushels of corn to the acre without any extra labor or care,—one fourth of an acre produced at the rate of seventy bushels, and I raised fifty-five bushels of oats on one acre; no great yields certainly, but the expense of cultivation was too moderate. All the land on which I have this year raised potatoes, corn and oats has been since ploughed, manured, and laid down with rye and grass seed, with the exception of one acre of meadow, which in April I sowed with oats and grass seed after spreading three hundred pounds of guano; the oat straw was very rank and the grass has started handsomely. I have tried guano, salt, sulphate and ashes this season, but I forbear to speak of the results, because you, gentlemen, have seen them, and will determine for yourselves.

My corn land I usually plant but one year; it is always ploughed in the fall because the team is in better condition to work, more vegetable matter is ploughed under, and the soil sooner becomes mellow. I have practiced plowing in August or September for rye; laid the furrow flat, rolled it, spread on from twenty-five to thirty loads of compost, (30 bushels to the load,) harrowed well, then sowed one peck of herdsgrass and one bushel of red-top, brushed it, and then laid all smooth with a loaded roller. My rye and grass have always done well—the straw selling from seven to ten dollars per acre, and the grain bringing ten per cent more than the southern.

Directly after taking off the crop of hay, early in July, I have inverted the sod, rolled, harrowed in a good deal of compost; sowed one peck of millet to the acre, brushed, then sown clover, herdsgrass, red-top, and brushed and rolled smooth. I have never failed of getting a ton of millet fodder to the acre, and when the frost has been delayed for about seventy days from the time of sowing, thirty or forty bushels of millet seed to the acre, and the next year and for several years, a good crop of hay. But it is not prudent to sow millet after the tenth of July, on account of the frost; it should not be sown before the middle of May: best sown in June.

In August, I plowed two acres of land, which was this year mowed; rolled it flat; spread sixty loads of compost, harrowed it well, sowed one-half bushel herdsgrass and two bushels red-top, then brushed and rolled it smooth; this process has always succeeded with me.

In planting my corn the present season, instead of cross furrowing, I ran the plow but one way and not so deep as to disturb the sod, nearly filled the furrows, which were four feet distant in part of the field, with my common compost, in part with pig manure, then dropped the kernels in the furrows, six inches apart, and covered, leaving the surface of the ground even: in May, went between the rows with the cultivator and hoe, and again the last of June, but making no hill, and this, with the exception of pulling by hand a few weeds, was all the culture. The crop, as you witnessed, was clean and heavy.

In October, 1842, I plowed three acres of field land, which had been in grass five years, and rolled it. In May following, harrowed it and spread 70 loads of compost, which was well harrowed, then marked the hills four feet apart each way, dropped the corn and covered; in June went through with the cultivator and hoe, making no hills; in October, the corn was cut up close, and the ground rolled with a loaded roller. On one acre I had one hundred and two bushels of good corn, and the crops of grass have been fair. I have since followed this plan with better success when I have used more and better compost.

I have this year let five acres of meadow and three pasture lots. I have dressed my reclaimed meadows with a compost of loam and warm manure, and further extended my experiments in reclaiming meadows. I have attempted some improvements on bushy and mossy pastures, which now promise well; on those I have sown winter and multicolored rye, with some spurry and common grass seed.

If I have raised no large crops, the expense and labor have been moderate, and I have the satisfaction of thinking that my farm is in an improving condition. DANIEL P. KING.
Danvers, Nov. 4, 1845.

which cost forty-three, I have sold for seventy-eight dollars, and I have received in exchange of cows thirty dollars. I have kept no account of the milk and butter used and sold which has been less than the usual quantity. I have four fat swine worth seventy-five dollars, which one year ago cost six dollars; their manure has paid for all the grain they have consumed. I have raised one hundred and fifty-eight bushels of corn, ninety-five bushels of oats, thirty bushels of rye, and one hundred and twenty bushels of potatoes, of carrots, turnips and beets, about two hundred and fifty bushels, and of other vegetables and fruits in abundance. Some years I have had three or four hundred bushels of good apples, this year not more than thirty. I have cut thirty-one tons of English hay which was made and secured with fifty-five days' labor. I used a horse-rake which paid for itself in one week; my crop was diminished by the drought from one-fourth to one-third. My meadow hay was a fine crop and got in good order; I have sold twelve loads of meadow hay and straw and have by estimation fodder enough, corn fodder included, to keep my stock and some ten or fifteen tons to spare. I have carried to market twelve cords of wood, always taking a return load of manure. I purchase annually about forty-five dollars worth of manure, which I never use without composting. I have used for planting, sowing and top-dressing, two hundred and eighty loads of compost.

In the barn yards and pig pens I make about one hundred and ten loads, and at leisure times get out peat muck and cart it into the field where it is to be used. I then mix one cord stable or barn yard muck, preferring the stable, with four cords of muck; after lying till the heap heats, it is again thrown over and a few feet of fresh dung or spent ashes added if necessary. I have found this compost better than clear manure and equal to any thing except pig manure for corn and potatoes on gravelly or sandy loams. I have now on hand more than one hundred loads of this compost besides a good supply of the barn and pig yards, and I could not farm without it. With this kind of manure I had sixty bushels of corn to the acre without any extra labor or care,—one fourth of an acre produced at the rate of seventy bushels, and I raised fifty-five bushels of oats on one acre; no great yields certainly, but the expense of cultivation was too moderate. All the land on which I have this year raised potatoes, corn and oats has been since ploughed, manured, and laid down with rye and grass seed, with the exception of one acre of meadow, which in April I sowed with oats and grass seed after spreading three hundred pounds of guano; the oat straw was very rank and the grass has started handsomely. I have tried guano, salt, sulphate and ashes this season, but I forbear to speak of the results, because you, gentlemen, have seen them, and will determine for yourselves.

My corn land I usually plant but one year; it is always ploughed in the fall because the team is in better condition to work, more vegetable matter is ploughed under, and the soil sooner becomes mellow. I have practiced plowing in August or September for rye; laid the furrow flat, rolled it, spread on from twenty-five to thirty loads of compost, (30 bushels to the load,) harrowed well, then sowed one peck of herdsgrass and one bushel of red-top, brushed it, and then laid all smooth with a loaded roller. My rye and grass have always done well—the straw selling from seven to ten dollars per acre, and the grain bringing ten per cent more than the southern.

Directly after taking off the crop of hay, early in July, I have inverted the sod, rolled, harrowed in a good deal of compost; sowed one peck of millet to the acre, brushed, then sown clover, herdsgrass, red-top, and brushed and rolled smooth. I have never failed of getting a ton of millet fodder to the acre, and when the frost has been delayed for about seventy days from the time of sowing, thirty or forty bushels of millet seed to the acre, and the next year and for several years, a good crop of hay. But it is not prudent to sow millet after the tenth of July, on account of the frost; it should not be sown before the middle of May: best sown in June.

In August, I plowed two acres of land, which was this year mowed; rolled it flat; spread sixty loads of compost, harrowed it well, sowed one-half bushel herdsgrass and two bushels red-top, then brushed and rolled it smooth; this process has always succeeded with me.

In planting my corn the present season, instead of cross furrowing, I ran the plow but one way and not so deep as to disturb the sod, nearly filled the furrows, which were four feet distant in part of the field, with my common compost, in part with pig manure, then dropped the kernels in the furrows, six inches apart, and covered, leaving the surface of the ground even: in May, went between the rows with the cultivator and hoe, and again the last of June, but making no hill, and this, with the exception of pulling by hand a few weeds, was all the culture. The crop, as you witnessed, was clean and heavy.

In October, 1842, I plowed three acres of field land, which had been in grass five years, and rolled it. In May following, harrowed it and spread 70 loads of compost, which was well harrowed, then marked the hills four feet apart each way, dropped the corn and covered; in June went through with the cultivator and hoe, making no hills; in October, the corn was cut up close, and the ground rolled with a loaded roller. On one acre I had one hundred and two bushels of good corn, and the crops of grass have been fair. I have since followed this plan with better success when I have used more and better compost.

I have this year let five acres of meadow and three pasture lots. I have dressed my reclaimed meadows with a compost of loam and warm manure, and further extended my experiments in reclaiming meadows. I have attempted some improvements on bushy and mossy pastures, which now promise well; on those I have sown winter and multicolored rye, with some spurry and common grass seed.

If I have raised no large crops, the expense and labor have been moderate, and I have the satisfaction of thinking that my farm is in an improving condition. DANIEL P. KING.
Danvers, Nov. 4, 1845.

SANDED SOLES.—Somebody in Boston—a queer soul, we should suppose, to think of such a thing,—has shoes for slippery weather—the latest invention—with "sanded soles," which render a tumble on the ice out of the question, and enable the wearer to walk about with perfect impunity, while other people are slipping and sliding in all directions. These soles are said to be the real grit, and to answer the purpose completely; every one, having a sole of this sort, being competent to scratch along without risk of an accident.—There are many slippery souls in this accident.—It is impossible to keep in upright countenance, and the query, therefore, presents itself, whether if such soles were well sanded, they too would move onward without deviating from the right line of propriety. [Nash's Gazette.]

"Why because you fell at the battle of Brandy Wine."

The Muse.

THE ARM CHAIR.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

There's pleasure in the humble home,
If childhood's smile is there,
And comfort in the lowliest room,
Where stands an old arm chair.
We know that hope, with heaven bright flame,
Hath warm'd the mother's breast,
We know the father's toil worn frame
Hath found a place of rest;
Bright visions of the household band,
Of love, and faith, and prayer,
Heart joined with heart, and hand with hand,
Surround the old arm chair.
But childhood's happy grave can give
A charm to home most fair,
And wealth, if wise, will never live
Without his good arm chair.
It is a throne of holy power,
If hearts of love surround,
A refuge in the world's sick hour,
Where soothing dreams are found;
What nerves the care-bow'd man with strength,
Life's battle field to dare!
That he and his may rest at length
Within a good arm chair.
The monarch on his golden throne,
Of hundred kings the heir,
Can he, as man, compare with one
Who wins his good arm chair?
With willing hand and open mind,
Looks up, clear-eyed, to heaven,
Strong, pure and free, as mountain wind,
And kind as dew of even,
Ay, such the man that God hath blessed,
Whom angels guard with care,
He'll rest, and see his loved ones rest
Within his own arm chair.

SONNET—TO MEMORY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Come, gentle spirit, moonlight of the mind,
Hallowing the things of earth with touch refined,
Unfold thine ample page, and let me dwell
Upon the days that were: I love the spell
And own thee mistress of the magic art,
That breathes a false existence 'er the heart.
Come, then, enchantress! with thy scenic power,
Illume the dulness of the passing hour;
Act 'er again what time has swept away,
And give me back each smiling former day;
Call up the rosy hours that danced along,
Gay as my spirit, joyous as my song,
When youth and health and golden hopes were mine,
Heaping with odours gifts home's hallow'd shrine.

The Story Teller.

THE YANKEE GIRL.

BY MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

Every land has its own "beau ideal" of woman, and its own ladies have been beraised in certain good set terms, with which every body, the least read in polite literature, is perfectly acquainted. Who has not heard of the noble bearing, the beauty and domestic virtue of the dames of England? Of the sprightliness and fascination of the ladies of France? How have the light footstep of Spain, the melting eye of Italy been said and sung. And to this florist's feast of nations, may not the plain old farmer, New England, come, spade in hand, and bring the flower of his own land? Let the English lady be enthroned as the lily—the French, the ever bright and varying tulip—the Spanish and Italian, the full moss rose—the richest and most voluptuous of flowers. The Yankee girl is the rose laurel, whose blossoms no garden flower ever excelled in rosy delicacy and gracefulness of form, but whose root asks neither garden-fod nor gardener's care, but will take for itself strong hold where there is a handful of earth in the cleft of a rock, whose polished leaf shakes green and cheerful over the snows of the keenest winter. In her you shall find the union of womanly delicacy and refinement with manly energy and decision, womanly ingenuity and versatility in contrivance, with manly promptness and efficiency in execution.

While some ladies found their claim to interest on a delicate ignorance and inability as to all the practical parts of life, the only fear of the New England girl is that there should be any thing that woman ever did, which she cannot do, and has not done a little better than ever it was done before. Born of frugal parents, who, with any other habits would be poor, she learns early to make energy and ingenuity supply the place of wealth. Born in a land where all are equal, no princess could surpass her in the feeling of self-respect. Born where the universal impulse of all is to rise, there is nothing in the way of knowledge and accomplishment, which she does not hope some day to acquire, and even without any advantages of culture, womanly tact, quickness of mind, and lady-like self-possession, add the charm of grace to her beauty. Now if you wish to find this lady of our fancy, you must not look for her in our cities, where all the young ladies speak French, play on the piano, and are taught to be as much like one another as their bonnets. If you wish to investigate the flowers of a country, you do not look for them under the shade of damask curtains, in the windows of drawing rooms, but seek them, as they grow free and individual at the roots of old mossy trees, and in the clefts of overhanging ledges of rocks, or forming eyeshades to the thousand bright eyes of merry brooks. So if you would see this Yankee girl as she is, take a flight up with us—up—not to the skies, but to the north of New Hampshire. Alight with us now in this cozy little nook, where the retiring mountains have left space for cultivation, and hard hands have been found to improve it. There, on the green breast of turf, have been dropped some dozen or so of dwellings, a meeting house and a school house, all in very nondescript and unattractive styles of architecture. There, in that village which never was roused by the rattle and tramp of the mail coach, whose only road has a green ribbon of turf in the middle, with a little turfy line on each side, you will perhaps find what I speak of. How still and Sabbath-like seems the place to-day—does any body live here? There is nobody to be seen in the streets—nothing stirring but the leaves of the dense heavy sugar maples, that shade the old brown houses, and the blue flies and bumble bees which are buzzing about, with great pretension to business, in the clover fields. But stay! there are signs of life; else why the rows of shining milk pails—and hark! by the loud drawl from the open windows of yonder school house, you perceive there is a rising generation in the land. Come with us, where a large, motherly, old-fathered house seems to have sat down to cool itself on that velvet slope of turf, while the broad masses of the maples and the superb arches of the elms, form an array of foliage about it truly regal. That house is the palace royal of one of the sovereign people of New Hampshire, to wit, Jonathan Parsons. Jonathan is a great man, and rich in the land, a wise man, and a man of valor moreover. He is great, politically, for he keeps the post office. He is rich, too, for he

is the undisputed possessor of all that he wants. He is wise, for he knows a little more than any body about him, and as to his valor, it is self-evident from the fact that he has been promoted with unparalleled rapidity to be Captain, Colonel, and finally General Parsons. Accordingly he is commonly recognized by his martial title, "the General." He is a hale, upright, cheerful man of fifty or thereabouts, with a bluff, ruddy face, and a voice as cheerful and ringing as a sleigh-bell. He turns his hand to more kinds of business than any one in the village, and, what is uncommon, thrives at all. He keeps the post office, and therewith also a small assortment of groceries, thread, tape, darning needles, tin pans, and axe-heads, and the usual miscellaneous stock of a country store. He has a thriving farm,—possesses legal knowledge enough to draw deeds and contracts, and conduct all the simple law business of his neighborhood, and besides this, he attends, in a general way, not only to the government of the United States, but of all the countries in the world; for Jonathan takes a weekly newspaper from Boston, and makes up his mind at once as to all his matters and things of the world around, and his convictions, doubts and opinions on these points, are duly expounded to his townsmen, while he is weighing out sugar or tea, or delivering letters in the course of the week. It is a pity that the President of the United States, or the crowned heads of Europe, never send to Jonathan for his opinion—for they would always find it snugly made up and ready for instant delivery. We have only to say in addition, that besides the patriarchal wealth of flocks and herds, Jonathan has a patriarchal compliment of sons and daughters, among whom we shall only mention the eldest, whom we introduce by the ever verdant name of Mary. The village had called her mother a beauty before her, and Mary has borne that name ever since she took the golden curls of careless childhood. Yet it is not the impression of mere physical beauty that she produces upon you: there is both intelligence and energy in the deep violet of the eye, and decision as well as sweetness in the outline of her beautiful mouth. Her form, naturally slender, is developed by constant and healthful exercise, and displays in every motion the elastic grace of her own mountain sweet-brier. And, more than all this, there is a certain cool, easy air, a freedom and nobility of manner, a good taste in speaking and acting, that give to her, though untainted in the ways of the world, that charm beyond beauty, which is woman's most graceful gift. For this instinctive sense of what really is due to one's self and others—this perception of times, places and proprieties, which forms the highest attraction of the lady, though it may be wrought out by laborious drilling, and the tutelage of etiquette, is often the free gift of nature, poured on the fair head of some one who has never trod a carpet, seen a piano, or taken one step in the labyrinth of artificial life.

Mary's amount of accomplishments, so called, was small,—including not a word of French, and no more music than was comprised in the sweetest of natural voices, taught in the common evening singing school of the village. But as a daughter and sister and housewife, her accomplishments were innumerable. Enter the cool, quiet house, not a room of which boasts a carpet, but whose snowy floors need no such concealment. The chief of all that is done in the house, in providing, making, mending, cleaning, and keeping in order, is by the single hands of Mary and her mother. We know this may lead the minds of some of our readers to very prosaic particulars. We have heard a deal of heroines playing on the harp &c., but who ever heard of a heroine washing or ironing? The most that has ever been accomplished in these respects, was by the lovely Charlotte of Goethe, whom he introduces to us cutting bread and butter for her little brothers and sisters. We can assure all our fair readers who are inclined to be fastidious on the point, however, that had they lived under the roof of Jonathan Parsons, they could scarcely have been scandalized by any disagreeable particulars. Even at the wash basin, our heroine, in her neat, close fitting calico, never looked so little like a lady as some fair ones we have seen in curl papers and morning gowns, before they were made up for company; and moreover, what seems more laborious would be over with and out of sight, long before they are in the habit of having their eyes open in the morning. Many days they would behold our heroine in possession of leisure to draw, paint, write, sew, or work muslin, quite equal to their own. They would see that by ingenuity and that quick observation in which pretty women are seldom lacking, she could fashion her attire so as not to be far from the rules of good usage; and that, though her knowledge from books was limited, her mind was active and full of thought, and as ready to flash at the entrance of knowledge, as a diamond at the entrance of light.

You are not to suppose that a lady of such accomplishments, natural and acquired, a lady of rank and station, moreover passed to her seventeenth year unwedded. So far from it, there was scarcely a personable article in the way of a beau, who had not first or last tried a hand in this matter. There were two dilapidated old bachelors, one disconsolate widower, half a dozen school masters, one doctor and one lawyer, already numbered among the killed and wounded, and still Miss Mary carried her head with that civil, modest, "what-do-I-care-for-you" air, that indicated that her heart remained entirely untouched—and all the wonder was, whom would she marry?

It came to pass, one bright summer afternoon, that as two young gentlemen, strangers in the village, were riding by the house of Jonathan Parsons, the sudden explosion of a gun caused the horse of one of them to start, and throw his rider, who, falling against a post in front of the door, was very seriously injured. The consequence of all this was, that the two very good looking young gentlemen were detained at the house for some two or three weeks. They were from Canada, and had come down into New Hampshire on a shooting and exploring expedition. The younger of them was the young Earl of Beresford, and the gentleman with him a Mr. Vincent, his travelling companion, to whom happened the unlucky accident. He was so seriously hurt as to be confined entirely to his bed, and my young lord being thus suddenly thrown out of business, and into a dismal calm, roomy, uninteresting old house, with no amusement but to read a few books, and no reading but Scott's Family Bible and the Almanac, thought himself in very deplorable circumstances, until he caught a glimpse of the elegant form and face of Mary, which suddenly roused his apathy. Now when one is treading carpeted floors, lounging on damask sofas, and smelling cologne water, a pretty girl is very much a matter of course, unless her beauty be of a peculiarly rare and striking character. But where there are no curtains, no pictures, no carpets, and nothing more luxurious than a very high backed, perpendicular rocking chair, a pretty girl becomes an angel forthwith, and such was the case at present. The young Earl really thought, all things considered, that he

would do our fair Yankee the honor to institute a flirtation with her—so at least said his manner, when he made his first advances. He was repulsed, however, with a cool and determined indifference, which seemed to him quite unaccountable. We could have told the young gentleman the reason. It was not that Mary had not a woman's love of admiration, when honestly and sincerely offered, but there was something in the gallantry of Beresford altogether too king for gentleness or amiable condescension. And there was a something indefinite even in his politeness, that told her that he looked down on her parents as being of a vastly inferior order to her own—and the thought roused all the woman's pride within her. No princess of the blood could have been more stately, self-possessed and politely determined to keep one at a distance, than our village beauty.

The Earl of Beresford was a mere man of fashion, with no more than a barely comfortable degree of reflection and feeling. Entirely incapable of estimating the real worth of Mary's character, and valuing her merely by the rules of conventional life, he was still struck, by the quiet determination of her manner, into something like respect. Our gentleman, however, had been throughly accustomed to have his own way, and as is usual with such persons, the thing he could not attain assumed in his eyes a sovereign value. He, moreover, piqued himself particularly on his success with women, and was not disposed to yield his laurels in an obscure country village. Consequently, the more Mary recoiled, the more eagerly he advanced,—the less she seemed disposed to value his attentions, the more obsequious they became, till at length my young lord grew so excited, that he determined on the magnanimous expedient of declaring his name and rank and making love in regular form, rather than lose the game.

"Vincent!" said Beresford to his friend, one evening, after walking up and down the room several times adjusting his collar and brushing up his whiskers, like a man that is getting ready to say something.

"Well, Beresford, out with it," said Vincent.

"Vincent, I have come to a very serious determination."

"I should think you might have," said Vincent, laughing. "We have been in serious circumstances lately."

"Nay, but without joking—"

"Well, without joking, then."

"I have determined to be married."

"For the two hundred and fortieth time," replied Vincent.

"Vincent, do be serious."

"Serious? Have I not been dolefully serious, ever since I came head first into this philosophical retreat? However, Will, proceed to particulars, for my news is better than no news."

"Well, then, Vincent, I am determined to marry this lovely little hostess of ours."

"Not old Mrs. Parsons, I presume," said Vincent, laughing. "There would be little eclat in an elopement with her."

Beresford grew angry, but as Vincent still continued to laugh, was at last obliged to join, though with a very poor grace.

"Now, Vincent," he resumed, "you may spare both your wit and your wisdom, for my determination is unalterable—you know, of course, I mean the lovely Mary."

"Pshaw!" said Vincent, growing serious in his turn. "Now, Beresford, is not this just like you? Because you are here, in a stupid place, and in want of amusement, must you set yourself to ruin the peace of an honest, artless country girl: its too bad!—I'm ashamed of you."

"Ashamed? too bad! what do you mean?"

"Did I not tell you that I am going to marry her?"

"And do I not know you will do so nothing?"

replied Vincent,—"did you ever see a handsome woman, of honorable principles, that you have not had a six weeks' vow of marrying?"

"But, Vincent," interrupted Vincent, "do you not know well enough, that all your vows and promises will wear only till you get to Quebec—and after the first bell then comes the old story,—unavoidable alteration—cruel necessity must prevent, and so forth,—and so the poor girl who has been the dupe of your good looks and fair speeches, is forgotten. Now, Beresford, you know all this as well as I do."

"But Vincent, you do not understand the case."

"So you have told me regularly in every flirtation since you have been in the country. Come, now, Will, for once be advised, and let this affair alone. Besides, think of the absurdity of the thing,—introducing a wife whom you have picked up, like a partridge, on a shooting tour—nobody knows when or where."

"Oh, as that," replied Beresford, "I can take her to Quebec and put her into a convent, to acquire accomplishments. She has an air and manner worthy of a countess, now—and then one can make up some little romance as to her parentage,—at all events, marriage is the only terms on which she can be gained, so marry her I will."

"And have you gained her consent, and that of her parents, to this wise scheme?"

"Her consent!" said Beresford,—"of course, she will consent," thought I have not yet opened the subject with her."

"And pray how do you know that?"

"How do I know! why, I shall tell her who I am, and plead the cause officially, you see, and with all deference to the elite of this region, such offers do not occur every day,—she must see this, of course."

"Well," replied Vincent, "I have seen little of her, to be sure, but from the sobriety of mind and good sense that seem to characterize the family, I have some hopes that you will not succeed."

"That's past praying for, I fear," said Beresford, "if I may judge from certain little indications, and so forth"—and Beresford turned on his heel and whistled himself out of the room, with a very contented and assured appearance.

His confident expectations had arisen simply from the fact that our heroine, from the joint influence of acquaintance and natural good humor, had grown, of late, much more approachable; besides which, for a few days past, a more marked change of manner had supervened. Mary had become absent, occasionally melancholy, and more than usually excitable,—her color was varying, her eye was restless, and there was a nervous tremor of manner, entirely different from any thing she had ever before exhibited. The truth was, that she was wholly engrossed by certain little perplexities and sorrows of her own; but as Beresford knew nothing of the kind, he formed for himself a very natural and satisfactory theory, as to the cause of her altered manner.

Accordingly, at the close of a still afternoon, when Mary's mother and sisters were absent, Beresford stole suddenly upon her, as she was sitting by an open window, and began to speak in a low, confidential tone, and with a series of complimentary remarks, in just that assumed, comfortable way, that is inexpressively vexatious to an inexperienced and sensitive woman—in a

manner that seems to say, "I understand all about you, and can manage you to admiration." Mary felt annoyed, yet conscious of her own inability to meet, on her own ground, the practiced and ready man of the world, who addressed her.

"Mr. Beresford," she said at length, after some silence, "I presume that all this is very fine in its way, but I beg you will not waste it upon me,—I really have not the cultivation to appreciate it."

Beresford protested that he was entirely and devoutly serious in every word.

"I am very sorry for it, if you are," said Mary, smiling.

Beresford proceeded to reveal his name and title, and to make an offer in regular form.

With some surprise, but with great simplicity and decision, our heroine declined the proposal.

Beresford offered the advantages of station &c. and to please, his own disinterestedness, and so forth.

"Indeed, Mr. Beresford," replied Mary, "I do not know enough about these things to feel in the least honored or tempted by them. It may be very possible, seem to you that you do me a great honor by this proposal, but I have no such feeling. You are accustomed to such a different manner of estimating things, from any thing I have ever known, that I cannot very well understand your feelings. If I ever marry, it will be one who can fully appreciate the affection I give, for its own sake, and not one who will always look upon me as a sort of ornamental appendage to his station, and so forth."

"Some Yankee pedlar or tinker, perhaps," replied Beresford, angrily.

"Very possibly," replied Mary, calmly, "and yet he may be more truly noble than the only Earl I ever had the honor of knowing"—and our heroine left the room.

And yet on the evening of that very day, you might have caught glimpses of the white dress of Mary, as she stood beneath the old vine arbour, in the garden, alone with one other, listening to the oft told tale again. But this time one might perhaps see that she listens with no unwilling ear, while a manly hand clasps hers, and words of passionate feeling are poured forth.

"I must go, Mary—brightest, dearest, loveliest, with such a form and face, such a soul, what might you not demand in one that dared hope for you, and I have nothing to offer—nothing."

"And do you think that I count a heart and soul like yours for nothing?" said Mary.

"Yes, but there is so long an uncertainty before me—so much to be done single-handed and not a soul thinks I shall succeed—not a soul—not even my own mother."

"Yes, George, you know I do," said Mary, "and you know what I say is worth more than all put together."

"Indeed, I do—indeed I do,—or I should have given up in despair long ago, my life, my angel."

"To be sure I am an angel," said Mary, "and so I beg of you, believe every word I say,—that six or seven years from this time, you will come back here the great Mr. George Evans, and everybody will be making bows and shakings hands."

"Ah, Mary!" said the young man smiling,—"and immediately after his face changed; an anxious and thoughtful cloud again seemed to settle upon it,—he took her hand and spoke with an expression of sorrow, such as she had never before seen."

"Mary, I fear I have done you wrong, to involve you in my uncertainties—to make your happiness in any respect dependent on my doubtful success in a long, hard struggle. I ought not to leave you bound to me by any promise. If, during these future years, you see one who makes you an immediate offer of heart and hand—one worthy of you—and you think that if it were not for me—"

"I am to take him, of course," said Mary—"Well, I will remember it. Oh, George, this is just like you,—always desponding when you hope most. Come back to me five or ten years hence, and if you have any advice of the kind to give then—why, I'll think of it."

But what was said after this we will not stop to relate; we will only pause a little in our story, to explain the "who and what" of the last scene.

There dwelt in the village, a poor, pale, sickly, desponding widow, whose husband had been a carpenter, but being suddenly killed by a fall had left to his wife no other treasure than a small house and garden, and as bright a shoot of boyhood as ever grew up, fair and flourishing by an old, decayed stock. Little George was a manly, daring resolute fellow, with a heart running over with affection and protecting zeal for his mother, and for a while he hoed in the garden, drove the cow, milked, and helped in various matters indoors, with an energy and propriety that caused him to be held up as a pattern in the neighborhood. But when the days drew on that he should be put to some effective way of making a living, the various wise advisers of his mother began to shake their heads,—for with a deal of general ability he seemed to have no elective affinity for any thing in particular.

There was a good natured shoemaker, who offered fully to teach him the mysteries of his craft, and his mother looked upon it as a providential opening, and George was persuaded to essay up on the lapstone; but it would not do. Then Jonathan Parsons, being a neighborly, advising man, thought he knew what was best for the boy, and offered to take him on his farm and make something of him; and so George wielded spade and hoe and axe, and a very capable young farmer he promised to be; but after a while he declared off from this also. In short, he seemed in the eyes of many to be in danger of falling into that very melancholy class of instances of clever people, who, in common phrase, "don't seem to stick to any thing."

But the gossip of the place were for once mistaken, for there was that which George did stick to after all. He had in his veins that instinctive something or other, which leads one to feel after and find what he was made for. George had come across various old volumes of books—history, travels, biography,—and these had awakened in his mind a burning desire to do or be something in the world—something he scarce knew what, and so he determined he would go to college. And what a sighing and wondering was there from his old mother, and what talking and amazement among the village worthies. Jonathan Parsons gave the young man a faithful and fatherly lecture, from the top of a codfish barrel, on the subject of tempting Providence, and other kindred topics, enforcing his remarks by alluding to the example of Jack Simpson, a poor nondescript, who was generally reported to have lost his wits in the attempt to study Latin, as a most forcible illustration of his argument. Poor George had but one friend to encourage him amid all the opposition, and that was our warm-hearted and trusting Mary. He had become acquainted with her during his stay at her father's and she had entered warmly into all his plans, and encouraged his scheme with all a girl's confident unobtrusive enthusiasm. They had never, until the evening interview we relate, settled any definite expectations for the future, for both

knew that it was not a subject to be mentioned to Jonathan Parsons, who would set it down as a clear indication of lunacy on the part of Mary, and some thing worse upon that of the gentleman.

We will not tell of the year-long efforts that had been made by our hero, up to the date of his last interview—of the ragged Latin Grammar studied by firelight at his mother's hearth—the Enclaved poured over during the long hours of the night, while he was tending a saw-mill for a neighboring farmer. Suffice it to say, that alone and unassisted, he had now conquered the preparatory studies necessary to fit him for college, and had earned beside a small stock of money.

This, his little all, he laid out in a pedlar's box and the necessary outfit for it, and after bidding adieu to Mary, and promising his mother to send her a portion of all his earnings, he left his native village with the determination never to return till he had fulfilled the destiny he had appointed for himself.

Six years from this time, and Mary was a beautiful woman of three-and-twenty, and not only beautiful, but educated and accomplished; for her own effort had procured for her advantages of culture superior to what it is the lot of many to attain. George returned to his native village, a newly admitted lawyer, with the offer of a partnership in a very extensive business in Boston. Of course, every body in the village altered their minds about him directly. His old mother laughed and almost blushed when complimented on her son, and said that somehow George always did seem to have it in him, and his neighbors one and all remembered how they had prophesied that George would be a remarkable man. As to Jonathan Parsons, he shook hands with him in extra style, invited him to drop in and see him any time, and even inquired his opinion as to one or two measures of Congress, about which he professed he had not yet made up his mind; and Mary—ah, well! Mr. George and Miss Mary had a deal of business by themselves in the little front room, from which came in time as gay a wedding as ever made an old house ring with merriment; and then they took a house in Boston, and Mr. George Evans began to make a figure in the papers, as a leading young man in the political world, which made Jonathan Parsons a more zealous reader of them than ever; for, as he often took occasion to remark, "he felt he had some hand in forming that young man's mind."

Many years after this, the Earl of Beresford and our heroine again met at a court drawing room in his own land, and to her, as the wife of the American Minister, his Lordship was formally presented. He was now a regular married man, somewhat gouty, and exceedingly fastidious in the matter of women, as his long experience on these subjects had entitled him to be. He was struck, however, with the noble simplicity of Mary's manners, and with a beauty which, though altered in style, time had done little to efface; nor did he know, till the evening was over, that he had been in close attendance on the little village beauty of New Hampshire and the wife of a Yankee Pedlar.

"The Maine Townsman,"

or Laws for the regulation of Towns, with forms and Judicial decisions, adapted to the Revised Statutes of Maine, by John F. Linn.

THE above is the title of a book, which has passed to a second Edition.

We have carefully examined the work, and can commend it as of the highest utility. No town officer acquainted with the laws, or the Revised Statutes of Maine, or the provisions of the law, as prescribed by the Revised Statutes, it can be safely relied on. Mr. Linn is a gentleman of liberal education, and was bred a lawyer. The arrangement of the subjects treated, is perfect for its simplicity and good order.

Title I. Treats of Towns and Town Meetings, and the chapter under this title, of the rights and liabilities of towns in their corporate capacity, of town meetings, of town officers, the mode of calling them, the mode of electing and qualifying town officers.

Title II. Treats of Elections, the rights and qualifications of Electors, the mode of calling town meetings for election of State officers, of returning the votes &c. &c.

Title III. Of taxes, persons and property liable to same, valuation, how to make the tax, duties and liability of collectors, and everything relating to the subject, as provided by our laws.

Title IV. Treats of highways and bridges, town ways and private ways, liabilities of towns in respect to same. Duties of Surveyors. Law of the road, railroad, turnpikes, &c. &c.

The instructions to town officers in regard to the subjects treated under this title, are alone worth the price of the book. A proper knowledge of the law, as it respects the town, would in many instances have saved thousands of dollars to the inhabitants, which have been lost in damages resulting from ignorance or inattention to the duties of the corporation as to matters of this nature.

Title V. is very full in regard to schools, parishes, meeting houses, school laws and funds.

Title VI. Treats of paupers, and all the duties of overseers of the poor, a subject which is of town meetings, of litigation, in great part growing out of want of knowledge by the overseers, of their particular duties, than any other concerning towns.

The above are a part only of the matters ably, diligently and methodically collected and arranged in this book. We have shown enough of its contents to prove its value as a manual for the sale and correct management of town affairs.

In addition thereto, this book contains a complete set of forms for the transaction of Probate business, and an admirably well selected set of forms for contracts, indentures, deeds and agreements, such as are most frequently required to be used in the business transactions in this State.

On the whole we know of no book better adapted to its design than this. We bespeak for it the favor of the citizens of this State, to whom it can be well recommended as a safe guide and instructor. For sale by

EDWARD FENNO. 3
Augusta, Jan. 1846.

PERISTALTIC LOZENGES.

An approved remedy for Constipation and Dyspepsia. Recommended by the most distinguished Medical Faculty, who every day prescribe them to their patients.

THE inestimable medicine has been before the public for more than eight years. The sales have quadrupled within two years, and are constantly increasing, the best proof of their efficacy.

They are without a rival for the cure of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Headache (nervous or acute), Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Bilious Attacks, Tindouren, Jaundice, Flatulence, Oppression after eating, Weak Stomach, Debility, Lowness of Spirits, Chronic Diarrhoea, and East India Complaint, Piles, Worms, Amenorrhoea or Suppression, Morosis or Green Sickness, &c. &c. In all female obstructions they are safe and effectual. Hundreds of ladies in this city and Boston have used our medicine, by advice of their family physicians, and have been cured.

Salem, Jan. 18, 1844.—The undersigned having used Harrison's Peristaltic Lozenges in Dyspepsia and kindred complaints, have proved them a very useful and excellent remedy. We cheerfully recommend them to all suffering from Dyspepsia or Costiveness. The Peristaltics are very extensively used in this region, and are every day prescribed by the first physicians in the place.

JOSEPH ADAMS.

A safe, safe, and cheap cure for Piles.

Mr. Harrison—Having given your Peristaltic Lozenges and Pile Remedy a fair trial, I have the satisfaction to inform you that they have operated wonderfully in my case. I had not been able for months to do any work at my trade, owing to exhaustion from bleeding, but I now feel myself cured. The severe pain which I had in my stomach is gone, and my strength is fast returning. I had used various remedies to no purpose, until I tried your medicine. I can also state that Capt. Benj. Ireson of this town has also experienced great benefit from your remedy. I cheerfully recommend the medicine to all suffering with that distressing complaint—the Pile.

EDWARD H. LEWIS.
Lynn, Sept. 27, 1844.

Ask for Harrison's Pile Remedy. Price only 50 cts. Both of these medicines are for sale by J. E. LADD, Augusta, and S. ADAMS, Hallowell.

The Beautifying Lotion!

WHICH has stood the trial for years, and proved itself self far superior to any article offered the public, in removing freckles; eruptions of the face, neck or hands; tan; all diseases of the skin; redness of the face, and leaving a beautiful complexion. Sold wholesale and retail by Hallowell, Dec. 32 SELDEN & CO.

SPLENDID FARM.

THE subscriber, wishing to change his residence, offers for sale the Farm on which he lives; it is situated north of the town of Alton, County of Lincoln, upon the Tide above recent navigation. The farm contains 200 acres of land, one half of which is covered with a beautiful and very valuable growth of Wood and Lumber, consisting of Hemlock and Pine, Red and White Oak, Soft and Hard Wood, all of which is suitable for a good market. The farm is in the immediate vicinity of a good market. The produce is fully appropriated to Mowing, Tillage and Pasture. The Farm is under good cultivation—crops annually 40 tons of Hay, and 200 bushels of Corn. The farm is situated on a beautiful and healthy eminence, half a mile distant from two Churches—two Saw-mills—two Grist-mills and various other machinery. The buildings are ample and convenient, and in prime condition throughout. There is an abundant supply of good water for all useful purposes. The buildings are situated upon a delightful and healthy eminence, half a mile distant from two Churches—two Saw-mills—two Grist-mills and various other machinery. The whole or a part of the above premises will be sold at a bargain and a perfect title given. Terms of payment will also be made easy to purchasers. The subscriber will be happy to answer inquiries in relation to the foregoing, and would also take the liberty to refer to the following gentlemen.

A. G. DOLE.
Carlton Dole, Esq.,
Lot Myrick, M.D.,
Ezekiel Holmes, Esq.,
Elisha J. Ford, M.D., Gardner,
Col. John Glidden, Newcastle,
Manasse H. Smith, Esq., Warren,
Col. James Ford, Gray,
Stephen Coker, Esq., Newburyport,
Pelag W. Chandler, Esq., Boston,
John C. Dodge, Esq., Cambridgeport,
Rev. Benj. F. Barrett, New York,
Alton, September, 1845.

New England Truss Manufactory,
Boston, Mass.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER continues to manufacture all the various improvements in Trusses, at his old stand, No. 305 Washington street, opposite No. 284, entrance in Temple Avenue, Boston, where he has been for the last ten years—and residence and business being in the same building, he can be seen at home nearly the whole of the time, day or evening. He has more room and better conveniences for the truss business than any other person engaged in it in this city or any other.

Also—Abdominal Supporters for Prolapsus Uteri—Trusses for Prolapsus of Rect